

## CHARIVARIA.

THE Coronation Proclamation refers to the members of the House of Lords as "Our right trusty Counsellors." An advanced Liberal informs us that the correct pronunciation of these words is "Our right rusty Counsellors."

"The proposal to admit women to the Wesleyan representative session," says the Rev. DINDALE YOUNG, "is unscriptural, uneccelesiastical, unmethodical, unseemly, and untimely." Are we right, then, in understanding that the Rev. Mr. YOUNG does not favour the project?

The opinion in schoolboy circles is that the proposal of *The Lancet* to the effect that the summer holidays should be extended to three months is good as far as it goes, and should be accepted as a temporary instalment of justice.

We are glad to hear that a Contemporary Art Society has been formed to purchase the works of living artists for our public galleries. As a young lady points out, it is almost incredible that there should not be a Louis Wain at the National Gallery.

Moreover, the recent sale at CHRISTIE'S proves that it is not only the very Old Masters who prove a good investment. The Alexander Young Masters also fetched sensational prices.

Meanwhile it is good to reflect that TURNER now is also among the angels. Anyhow, he has got a whole wing to himself at the Tate.

The bogus baron, EDWARD VON WESTERNHAGEN, who was found guilty of bigamy and fraud, has written to the HOME SECRETARY asking to be allowed to appeal on the ground that his trial was treated humorously in court. Our joking judges are awaiting the HOME SECRETARY'S decision with some anxiety.

Upon the occasion of his visit to Belfast the Chairman of the Junior Institute of Engineers said, we are told, "that at the present time the eyes of the world were upon Messrs. HARLAND AND WOLFF because they were doing something which had never been done before. They were constructing the two largest vessels that had ever been built." Our memory may be at fault, but we thought that this *had* been done before.

"Carry on!" says *The Observer*, "is the sailor's watchword." Jack's capacity for carrying on is no doubt respon-

a foreign visitor remarked that he had no idea that our Army had advanced so far in aeronautics.

By the way, the statement that, at the Bournemouth Aviation Meeting, British aeroplanes and motors secured only £50 out of a total of over £8,000 prize money, is not correct. They also succeeded in carrying off easily £100 in competitions open only to British aeroplanes and motors. Here the foreigners were nowhere.

Still this talk of decadence! The Recorder at the Old Bailey expressed grave doubts last week as to the truth nowadays of the old saying, "Honour among thieves." We did think that our criminals, at any rate, were not deteriorating.

Among other news of importance last week came the startling information that the men who clean the flues of the Poplar dust destructor are to be paid half-a-crown a day each as "dirty money." For ourselves we prefer the old-fashioned expression, "filthy lucre."

"Every Rotary Engine will be guaranteed to run continuously for 100 hours without a stoppage, and each customer will be invited to see his engine so tested on the bench."—*Advt. in "Flight."*

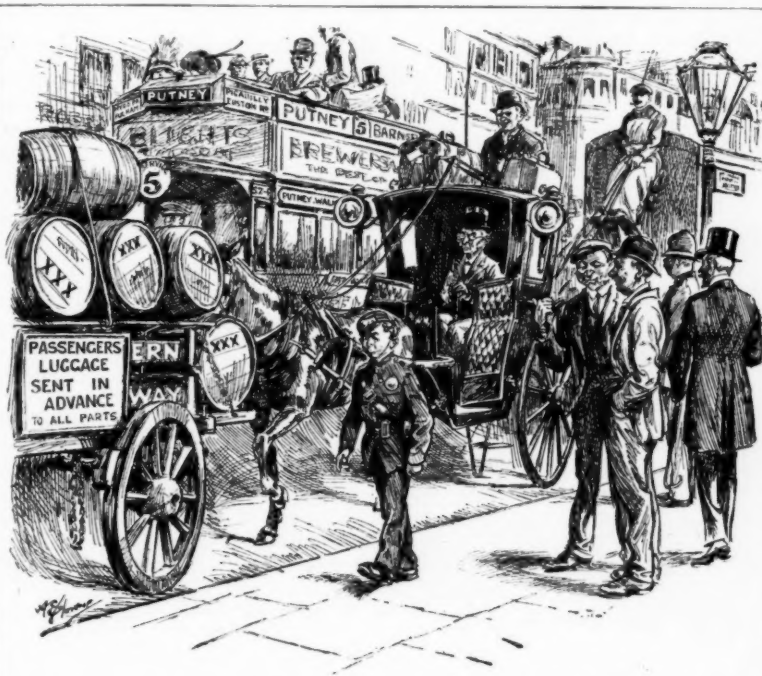
You should take a packet of sandwiches with you.

"Why, may we ask, was Polyphemus?—surely not one still, a college student."—*The Daily Telegraph.*

We cannot pretend to understand this question, but we do know that Polyphemus never took a degree of any kind.

"The Mayor asked the Press to notice that the Council would be glad that if any person saw any damage being committed to the seats on the recreation ground, they would repeat the same."—*Cambridge Chronicle.*

This is the chance of a lifetime for the boy with the new knife.



*Tectotal Traceller (unconscious of the railway notice in front of him). "WHAT ON EARTH ARE ALL THESE FOOLS LAUGHING AT, I WONDER?"*

sible for the widespread belief that he has a wife in every port.

At the British Medical Congress it was pointed out that, in view of the dwindling birth-rate, the conservation of existing lives was more important than ever, and that more attention ought to be paid to such babies as are born. It is thought that, as a result of this hint, arrangements may be made for every new arrival to be greeted formally by the Mayor of the district in state, who will express the wish that it finds the arrangements for its reception quite satisfactory.

Hearing that our 97th Regiment is known as "The Sky Blues" (to distinguish them from the ordinary Blues)

## A TRUCE TO TRUCES!

[Views of the Fighting Member, on either side of the House, who is about to take a sporting holiday after being for a long time condemned to inertia.]

LET us go hence: this thing has got to cease.

We cannot bear, no, not another day,  
The intolerably piping times of peace  
Wherein our savage instincts get no play.  
Let us go hence, I say.

Nothing occurs: we simply wait and wait,  
Watching the mist that shrouds Olympus' peak,  
Where at their love-feast sit the heavenly Eight,  
And through the veil, from week to weary week,  
Nothing's allowed to leak.

The brooding atmosphere from up above  
Infects us with the fatal germ of truce,  
Till we've forgotten how to hack and shove  
And left our brawn to rot for lack of use.  
This is, indeed, the deuce!

Let us go hence and slay: let us have blood.  
The hour is ripe to renovate our verve  
With moving incidents by moor and flood,  
And show the nation how we still preserve  
A pretty fighting nerve.

Come let us pluck the grouse-bird off the gale  
And in his fastness fell the ruddy stag,  
Or, greatly daring, on a humbler scale,  
Induct the rabbit (should he pause or lag)  
Into the gaping bag.

Three happy months of slaughter! So we'll urge  
Our backward course refreshed to bear once more  
The bloodless tedium till the Eight emerge—  
And then we ought to see on this old floor  
Some fun worth waiting for! O. S.

## MORE LINKS WITH THE PAST.

## I.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My father was born on April 1, 1661. He was thus quite a small boy when the Great Fire of London was raging, and I have often heard him tell how it began at Pudding Lane and ended at the Monument, which was (he said) at one time so surrounded by flames that it was feared that at any moment it would fall. I was born when my father was a hundred and sixty-three, in 1804, and I am now one hundred and six. The only drawback to this great age, for I have all my faculties, is the congested state of the cake on my more recent birthdays, few cakes being now made, such is the decadence of the confectioner's art, to accommodate more than fifty or sixty candles at the most. Yours, etc., DEBORAH TRIM.

## II.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I think you will be interested in hearing that I was born as long ago as 1880, and it was, I remember, on the day when I was twenty that the present HOME SECRETARY was returned as a Conservative for Oldham. Many persons seem wholly to have forgotten this historic event. Yours, etc., MEMOR.

"In the operating room department Dr. Gimlette explained the treatment of fractured bones by means of metal plates screwed into the bones themselves. The King, on inquiring how the holes in the bones were made, was informed by the Inspector-General that they were made by a gimlet."—*The Times*.

Not bad for an impromptu; but wasn't it just a little familiar of the Inspector-General?

## TAM HTAB.

MANY years have passed since first I met this individual, and I have been brought into contact with him at fairly regular intervals ever since. I did not always come upon him in the same place, but there was little variety in his habitations. They were always small, and all of them, if one might judge by their fittings, were reserved for a certain ritual of a cleansing character. Tiles, enamel-paint, and handles of polished metal were usually prominent in the scheme of decoration; there were rough white cloths hung against the walls; various detergents were to be found in convenient receptacles, and large lustral implements, apparently destined for the absorption of moisture, were displayed here and there. The individual of whom I have spoken always lay prostrate on the floor in an attitude suggestive both of repose and of humiliation. His garb was simple. For my own part, I think I never saw him dressed otherwise than in white, with his name stamped in bold red letters across his body; but there are amongst my friends some who assure me that they have seen him in red, with a white name impressed upon him. I cannot satisfactorily account for this change. I merely note it, with the suggestion that a faint desire for variety, as a mitigation of the rigours of his imprisonment, may have brought it about. Possibly, however, my friends were mistaken.

There can be no doubt, I think, but that my friend—for in that light I have come to regard him—is a native. His first name, it is true, has a familiar, indeed an almost Caledonian appearance. Those, however, who have studied the customs of the Central African tribes assure me that names like Ben and Bill and Dick are not infrequently used both by chiefs and by the inferior classes of the populace. There, seems, therefore, to be no reason why Tam should not find its place in this system of nomenclature. The construction and the appearance of the name Htab are to my mind conclusive. Its four letters breathe the very spirit of the trackless forests and the dismal swamps of the Dark Continent. There is in its sound the authentic ring of barbarism.

My poor friend is, no doubt, a great sufferer. He lies there as one who offers himself to be trampled upon, and in my thoughtless Anglo-Saxon way I have not scrupled, I regret to say, to take advantage of his mild and submissive attitude. He bears the marks of many feet, yet no word of complaint has ever been heard from him. Indeed, no word of any kind has broken his silence, and I have been led to infer that nature has afflicted him with dumbness, since not even a shower of cold water has availed to make him protest. Yet I have gathered from certain hints, from slight changes of posture and the like, that there was once a time when his name was clear and glorious, and that if things could be other than they are—a difficult but not an impossible hypothesis—if the dealings of man with him could by some chance be reversed, we should understand him better and be moved to a more appreciative pity of his fate. In the meantime I can do nothing except to bring before the public the story of his humility and his wrongs.

"A garden fête is to be given in the grounds of the Old Palace, Richmond, to supplement the proceeds of the 'Country Fair' recently held in aid of 'Our Dumb Friends' League,' at the Botanical gardens, Regent's-park.

'Great Fleas have little fleas  
Upon their backs to bite 'em,  
And little fleas have lesser fleas,  
And so ad infinitum.'

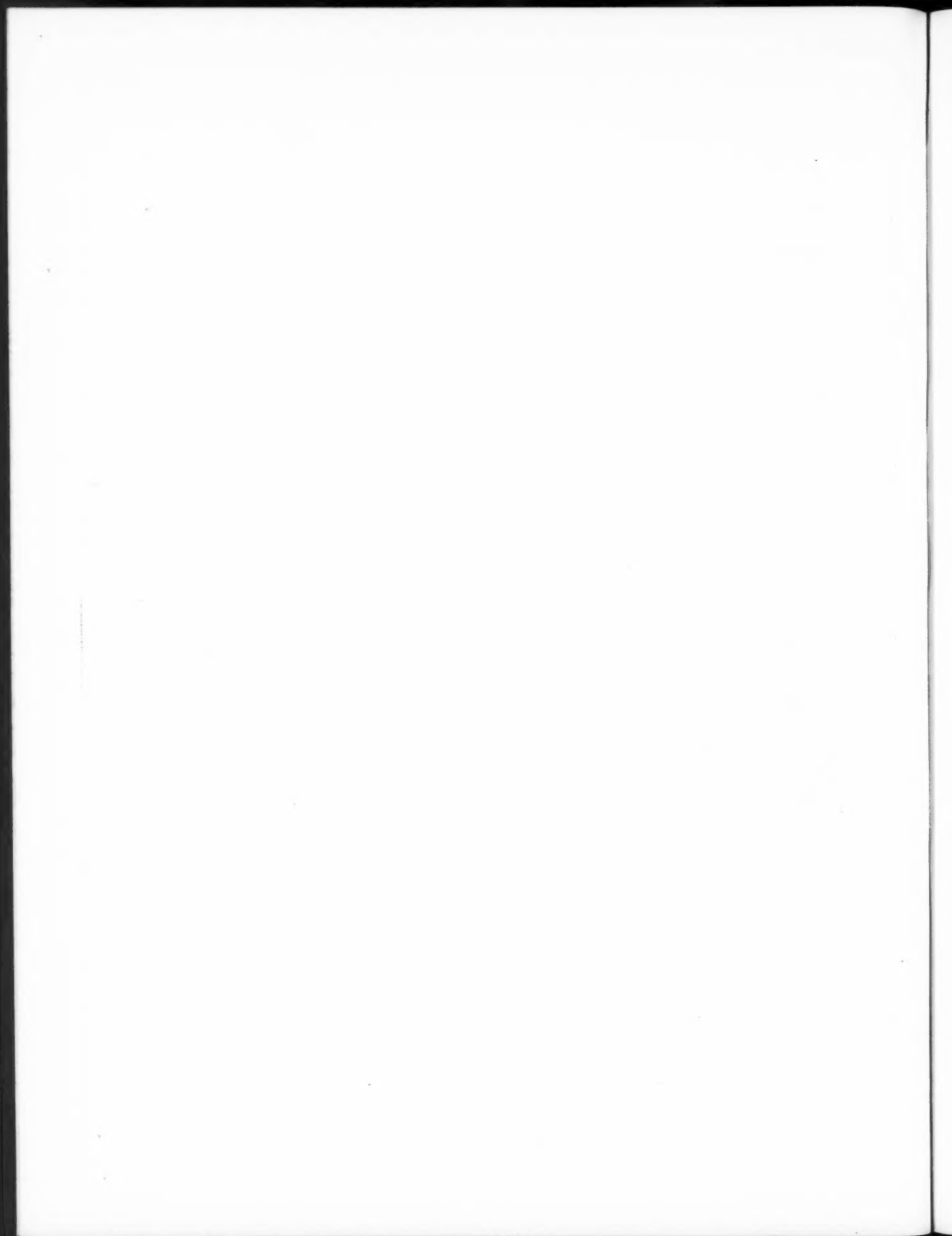
*Morning Leader.*

This particular form of appeal does not move us.



### AU REVOIR.

LORD DAMOCLES (*to the Sword*). "SORRY TO LEAVE YOU, OLD BLADE. SEE YOU AGAIN AFTER THE HOLIDAYS."







Mabel. "I'VE PLAYED FOURTEEN. HOW MANY HAVE YOU?"

Basil. "TWELVE."

Mabel. "BUT IS THAT COUNTING ALL THE AIR STROKES?"

### PALFREY'S TORTOISE.

PALFREY, the only man in the office who does not play golf, and is not addicted to any form of exercise, except with a paper-cutter, has acquired a tortoise. He has been interviewed as to his reasons for this rash act, and has denied (1) that he wanted it to go country walks with; (2) that he wanted something to love him unselfishly and without any fuss; (3) that he confused it with a mongoose, and thought it would kill rats; (4) that he believed tortoises moult every year, and had a scheme to use its discarded shells, silver-mounted, as wedding-presents. Palfrey explained that he took the tortoise home with him from motives of humanity. It had escaped from a shop, and had been arrested for loitering by a policeman who proposed to send it to the Cat and Dog Home.

"Hardly a suitable place, constable," said Palfrey, mildly. "Don't you think it would feel lonely there?"

"It could share a cell with a tortoise-shell cat," said the constable.

"If I take charge of it and advertise it, will that be all right?"

So Palfrey became possessor of the tortoise at the cost of a shilling to the policeman and an eighteen-penny adver-

tisement, which nobody answered, that if not claimed within six days the animal would be sold to defray expenses.

This is Palfrey's account of the transaction. But I have reason to believe that he bought the tortoise, spot cash, for a shilling, because he had just taken up gardening and had read somewhere that a tortoise is almost indispensable to kill slugs. But he has been no more fortunate than the man who bought a quantity of a much-advertised insect powder and put it down for beetles. They finished what he put down, and came back, with more beetles, for a second helping. The grocer who supplied the powder seemed puzzled for a moment. Then the true explanation occurred to him. "You must have the wrong kind of beetle in your house, Sir. That's how it is." Well, Palfrey has got the wrong kind of tortoise, the kind that lives on lettuces, sharing them amicably with the slugs it should destroy. Having omitted to obtain any warranty with the tortoise, he has no remedy against the previous proprietor. But, as I pointed out to Palfrey, he has not had the tortoise long enough to be certain that it is a vegetarian.

"I have what amounts to proof."

"As how?"

"It doesn't smoke, or drink, is a member of the Peace at Any Price Party, and goes about bare-headed. So it is almost certainly a vegetarian. However, it's really very companionable. It comes down the road to meet me on my way from the station."

"Does it come far to meet you?"

"Not very far—in distance. But it's the spirit of the thing that counts. You see it only starts to meet me in the evening just after I leave in the morning. And then it's slightly uphill. Makes itself very useful about the house, too. I put it down on a newspaper in the garden, on Sunday, to prevent the thing from blowing away, and it kept it down for five hours. In fact, it was so absorbed in its work that I didn't like to take the paper away for fear of hurting its feelings."

"What was the paper?"

"*The Spectator*."

"Have you written to the editor about it yet?"

"No. Should I?"

"Well, perhaps he could hardly use it as a proof of intelligence in tortoises that your one had gone to sleep over *The Spectator*. What do you give it to eat?"

"Slugs," said Palfrey shortly.

"I thought you said it ate lettuces, instead of slugs."

"That's quite true, but slugs are provided. Its idea evidently is to lull them into a sense of false security by pretending it is one of themselves. But it is taking a long time in getting to business."

"Look here, Palfrey, I don't believe you care twopenny about tortoises. Why did you buy this one?"

"Do you like gardening shop?" Palfrey asked.

"Not a bit."

"Well, I don't care for golf shop, and you and Dumbell and Bewster and Carsill talk nothing else at lunch-time five days a week. So I got this tortoise as a counter-irritant, and I mean to tell you every day how many strokes it takes to go round the sundial, and if it keeps a good line from the first tea-rose to the trysting-arbour, and how it got dorny three on the weasel by catching it asleep, after hooking its approach into a rabbit-hole. I'll back my tortoise, at level money, against any three golf bores. What takers?"

#### A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT.

[According to *The Manchester Guardian*, the Post Office has been studying American methods of touting for telephone subscribers. Printed "Canvassing notes" have now been issued to some of our postmasters to assist them in this new branch of work.]

FURTHER evidences of Government enterprise will be found in the following:—

Do you know our charming

POSTAL ORDERS?

If not, try one.

Beautifully tinted, with portrait.

Prices to suit all pockets.

Nothing makes a more acceptable birthday present for a friend.

Sold in many styles, including the following well-known kinds:—"The Tanner," "The Bob," "The Quid," etc.

N.B. We specially recommend our "Half-a-thick-'un" line, which is suitable for the use of schools.

An Uncle writes:—"Please send three more of your 'Half-a-thick-'un' orders. My small nephews like them ever so much better than gifts of books."

Dainty Sample Order sent on receipt of six stamps.

Have you that tired feeling which comes to people who, having sent out a messenger, wait wearily for an answer that seems long in coming?

Lovers hungering for quick replies, business men pacing your office impatient for a prompt answer, why suffer as you do when, by use of our famous

EXPRESS MESSENGERS

you might know what you want to

know at once at a cost of only 3d. a mile?

PIP STREET ELEMENTARY SCHOOL,  
LONDON, E.  
Large Playground. Drill. Liberal  
Education. No Fees.

We gain far more Secondary School Scholarships than any private or preparatory school in the district.

High o'er the Union fence leaps Sunny Jim,  
Workhouse surroundings are no more for him.

Why grow old when our

"FIVE BOB" OLD AGE PENSIONS  
will keep you young and smiling?

No old person should be without one.

Write to-day for address of nearest agent.

#### AT THE 18TH.

##### I.

("Favete linguis."—*Horace*.)

STILL,

Rippling rill!

Quiet, ye whispering elms!

O'er all Dame Nature's realms

Let silence come.

Hush,

Generous thrush,

Forbear awhile to thrill us!

Hop soft, hilarious gryllus,

And be dumb!

Let every natural mouth be shut—

For Smith (yes, *Smith*) is going to  
putt.

\* \* \* \*

##### II.

("Latret natura."—*Lucretius*.)

Caw,

Hovering daw!

Gryllus, resume thy note!

And, mavis, give thy throat

Its fullest compass!

Crash,

Quivering ash!

Give tongue, ye startled kine!

Let nature raise, in fine,

A tactful rumpus.

E'en then, let decent ears be shut—

For Smith (yes, *Smith*) has missed  
his putt!

#### Two Cuttings from "The Daily Mail":

"The independent Republic of Andorra covers an area of 175 square miles and has about five thousand inhabitants."

"Andorra consists of three valleys hemmed in by mountains. The area is 600 square miles and the population 8,000."

People say life is dull, but it is really full of variety.

#### Commercial Candour.

"Non-refillable bottle. More than 100 have been invented, unworkable; mine is. Wanted partner with £15,000."—*Advt. in "Birmingham Daily Post."*

"Owner exclusive option, first and only patent meeting no needs, big industry, already fully tested. Invites co-operation."—*Advt. in "The Times."*

#### MUSICAL NOTES.

BRITISH CONSTITUTIONAL CONCERTS.  
DR. WOLFGANG SCHUBERT'S  
NEW OPERA.

THE scheme for the forthcoming series of British Constitutional Concerts keeps to much the same lines as in former years. Thus, while Monday is reserved for the compositions of STRAUSS, and Tuesday is earmarked for DEBUSSY, Wednesday will be devoted to the works of STRAUSS and DEBUSSY, while Thursday will be consecrated to those of DEBUSSY and STRAUSS. On Fridays the programme will be of a miscellaneous character, being confined to works by Russian, Mæso-Gothic, Mingrelian, and Bessarabian composers, while the Saturday programme will be shared between representative works of the Young Turkish, Podolian, Neo-Celtic and Bantu schools. The bâton will be wielded, as on former occasions, by M. Joskin Narwhal.

Amongst the new works set down for performance those of the Neo-Celtic school naturally claim especial attention. Mr. Cyril Keltie is to the fore with a new "Wee Free" Fantasia, in which prominence is assigned to a Pibroch for four-and-twenty pipers. Mr. Heinrich Oldbuck's novelties consist of a set of 192 variations on "Merrily danced the Quaker's Wife," and a tragic scena, entitled "The Bath-chairman's Credo," based on Mr. MEEK's poignant autobiography. The Bantu composers will be well represented by Professor Bantock, who will conduct his new Ethiopian Extravaganza, "Ten Minutes in Tanganyika," and a comic symphonic poem called "Moshesh and Mosilikatse."

Several of the successes of the last two seasons will be repeated, so that the public will be in the fortunate position of again hearing such masterpieces as Sparchenpflug's "Carburetta" overture, Mr. Oldbuck's "Clapham Junction" suite, and Mr. G. H. Clutcham's incidental music to "Belle and the Dragoon." Room will also be found for Mr. Donald Bovey's monumental "Mammoth" pianoforte concerto, which has never yet been performed in less than 200 minutes, and for Dr. Mordecai Jamrach's concerto for tuba, in which occurs the momentous episode for four baker-loons, an instrument in which Sir EDGAR SPEYER takes a special interest.

Dr. Wolfgang Schubert has written an interesting letter to the *Harmonicon* about his new miniature operetta, "The Kidnapped Countess." He says:

"There is none of the *terribilità* of Michelangelo in the libretto, and I have not shirked the saucy flippancy of the story, though never overstepping the bounds of perfect propriety. The second Act ends with a *Mazurka macabre*, and the duet between the pantry boy and the third footman in the servants' hall takes the form of a compact *résumé* of 69 motives from my previous works. The part of the demented Duke is specially written for an artist named Bartolozzi, who possesses an entirely original type of voice, to which I have given the name of *mezzo-tinto*. Besides thirteen other large solo parts my little operetta contains twenty-seven smaller solo parts, including four dumb waiters, a twenny-maid, and the village idiot. I may add that I have already finished the first seven Acts, and the remaining five have only to be orchestrated."

### SEASIDE FASHIONS.

It is reported that hats will again be conspicuous by their absence at the most fashionable seaside resorts this year, though a few of the most exclusive men will be wearing the colours of the Household Brigade on straw hats. It is thought by those with the least knowledge that only members of the Guards' regiments should sport the well-known colours, but this is an entirely erroneous idea. Personally, we think the most fashionable and gentlemanly attire is a cycling suit of grey cloth, with grey woollen sweater and cloth cap—the latter decorated with a nickel or plated silver badge of one of the more select cycling clubs, such as the Upper Camberwell Polytechnic Rovers—and with this costume a watch-chain with cycling medals is indispensable. A "button" portrait of a lady friend adds a pleasing touch to the left lapel of the coat, or may be worn in front of the cap. Grey stockings and low cycling shoes complete a very smart appearance.

A yachting costume, consisting of white drill or flannel trousers, blue reefer coat and yachting cap, with the badge of any well-known yacht club, will be in favour with many of those desirous of prestige on "the prom." The wearer may not be connected with any of the craft in the offing or at anchor in the bay, but a good impression can be created by suitable sartorial suggestion.

For ladies also the cap of the R.Y.S. is the most effective headgear and goes well with a white Glory Quayle jersey.

Men's socks will be in the brightest colours, "rainbows" being the most likely to predominate, and the shoes—



*A. Wallis Mills, 1910.*

### MORE LETTERS OF A PARLOUR-MAID.

From Annie's correspondence with a friend about her new situation. "I DON'T SUPPOSE I SHALL STAY—THE OLD MAN'S THE LIMIT. HE'S THE FIRST MASTER I EVER HAD WHO OBJECTED TO ME YAWNING WHEN I HAND THE DISHES."

boots are quite out of fashion nowadays—should be of the lightest yellow leather, with large bows on the laces. In colour, the tie worn need not correspond with the socks, and there will be great latitude in the shapes allowed. The most dressy is the "butterfly" bow, with a sailor's-knot end hanging down below, and these are now made in silk, cotton or satin, either plain, flowered or spotted. A pale blue satin ground ornamented with crimson silk flowers is likely to find great favour.

For evening band parades, tweeds or self-coloured cloths are quite the thing, in colours ranging from green to magenta. The one requisite is that the coat must be cut with very tight-fitting waist. Ample skirts, in which the pockets must be placed diagonally, are the "*dernier cri*." The handkerchief is always worn in the left sleeve, and not less than three inches should protrude. The trousers must be turned up to show the socks, and the hat should be set a little to the back of the

head. Woodbines or Toofers should be worn with this costume, as they lend a dashing air to the *ensemble*, though a heavily silver-mounted briar may be used on occasion if preferred.

A Reuter telegram from New York, as printed in the *Manchester Daily Dispatch*:

"The temperature remains in the nineties, with much humility."

Thus Nature endorses the national characteristic.

"If anything happens on board the *Montrose* after to-day, the news is not likely to reach this country before to-morrow or Thursday."—*The Daily Telegraph*.

Of course, it is only quite a simple thought, but how true and how beautifully expressed!

"Mr. Hossack was not able to come, owing to absence."—*East Anglian Daily News*. He must try to think of a better reason next time.



## WORDS IN SEASON.

[The Editor of *Punch* cannot hold himself responsible for the seasonableness of this article on the actual date of issue.]

## A FORECAST.

ALTHOUGH yesterday was another wet and sunless day, holiday-makers have every reason to look forward to more seasonable weather in the near future. The anti-cyclonic depression to which we called attention last week is now veering towards the North-west, accompanied by a barometric disturbance of considerable intensity. This pressure in the ordinary way would spell rain, but when taken into consideration with the local area of the atmospheric bar, and the calorific influence of the Gulf Stream, its significance cannot be neglected. A further point in its favour is the absence of any decided circular impression and the increased volume of the trade winds. Nor must the surcharged density of the Newfoundland fog banks be minimised, though this is largely counteracted by the added voltage. Fortunately the dew-point remains steady.

Summing it up, then, we may say that, as long as the thermometric conditions are unaltered, there is every indication of an improvement in the prescribed area; the only thing to fear now being a pronounced typhonic activity from the North-east. This, however, is unlikely.

## REPORTS FROM HOLIDAY RESORTS.

	Hrs. Sunshine.	Ins. Rain.	Remarks.
Bournemouth	0·7	2·34	Glorious.
Margate	—	1·9	Delightful.
Hastings	0·001	3·0	Lovely.
Brighton	—	8·76	Spiffing.
Eastbourne	0·3	6·19	Top-hole.
Iceland	14·6	—	So-so.

## A SONG FOR THE SUMMER.

*Is it raining?* Never mind—

Think how much the Birdies love it!  
See them in their dozens drawn,  
Dancing, to the croquet lawn—  
Could our little friends have dined

If there'd been no worms above it?

*Is it murky?* What of that,

If the Owls are fairly perky?  
Just imagine you were one—  
Wouldn't you *detest* the sun?  
I'm pretending I'm a Bat,  
And I know I *like* it murky.

*Is it chilly?* After all,

We must not forget the Poodle.  
If the days were really hot,  
Could he wear *one* woolly spot?  
Could he even keep his shawl?  
No, he'd shave the whole caboodle.

## GREAT EVENTS WHICH HAVE OCCURRED ON DULL DAYS.

ARISTOPHANES wrote "The Clouds" on just such a day as this.

JAMES WATT discovered the Steam Engine on a wet day. If it had been a fine day he would have been having tea in the garden, and wouldn't have been allowed near the kettle.

ELIZA COOK composed some of her best poems on damp afternoons when she couldn't get out.

CHARLES MACINTOSH invented the macintosh during a spell of rain. Another period of humidity led in olden times to a similar invention by CAIO BALBO AQUASCUTO.

The shades of night were falling fast as through an Alpine village passed a youth who bore mid snow and ice a banner with the strange device, 'Excelsior.' Probably you couldn't do that on a hot summer afternoon.

And lastly, the English Academy of Letters was founded on a wet day. Think of that!

## THINGS THAT COME OUT WITH THE SUN.

*Imitation Panamas.*

*Freckles.*

*Christmas Numbers.*

*Channel Swimmers.*

*Gnats.*

*Sunshades in the front rows of the Grand Stand.*

Do you like any of these? No. Then don't be silly.

## WHAT, HOWEVER, WE REALLY THINK.

All together:

"Blank the weather!"

A. A. M.

## THE PERSONAL POSTER.

WE understand that considerable stir has been caused among electioneering experts by an incident that occurred in a recent by-election. As reported in the Press an aged citizen of one hundred and four was driven to the polling station in a wagonette decorated with a placard bearing the words: "The oldest voter in England converted to Tariff Reform." There seems to be little doubt that this suggestive device will be much in evidence at the next general election. The idea has been adopted with enthusiasm by the agents of both sides.

Our representative called yesterday evening upon the senior partner of a firm of printers which makes a speciality of this sort of work, and had a chat with him upon the situation. We regret that we are not at liberty to publish his name, and we feel that it would be best not to give any clue whatever as to his identity.

"Yes," he remarked, in answer to a singularly pertinent query on the part of our representative, "the last election was remarkable for the development of the poster. You may take my word for it that in the next the most powerful political weapon in the field will be the vehicular placard—if I may so call it.

"Yes"—our representative had interjected another telling observation—"we are already overwhelmed with orders. Voters are being asked to report any little peculiarity they may possess to head-quarters, and these are being embodied in terse and striking phrases. It begins to look as if almost every conveyance that comes up to the poll will carry a placard, and the effect of this personal touch—if I may call it so—is bound to be enormous." He lifted a large square of cardboard that had been propped up against the desk. "Here is an example," he went on, "from Worcestershire. What do you think of it?"

The placard bore the words, in massive purple characters, "A NATURALISED GERMAN WANTS EIGHT AND WON'T WAIT." The printer began to turn over a pile of boards at his elbow.

"Here is one from Scotland, very striking in its way—'THE ONLY NEGRO IN KIRKCALDY VOTES FOR HOME RULE.' And here are several others—'THE TALLEST MAN IN KENT MEANS TO HAVE A SMALL HOLDING'; 'A RETIRED SMUGGLER CONVERTED TO FREE TRADE'; 'A PROFESSIONAL SWORD SWALLOWER DISAPPROVES OF FOOD TAXES'; 'A DEAF STONE-BREAKER WELCOMES THE MOTOR TAX'; 'DISTINGUISHED AIRMAN SUPPORTS THE NEW LAND TAXES.'"

"And this?"

"Ah, that comes from Lancashire. I think it would be hardly fair to tell you which party it was ordered by, but you will agree with me that it is bound to have its effect—'THE VILLAGE IDIOT SUPPORTS THE VETO.'"

As our representative turned to go he stumbled over a placard in the form of sandwich boards.

"Is this one of them?" he asked, turning it over.

"Well, no, not exactly. That is a private order. It does not come from either political party." Our representative read:—

"THE ONLY SELF-RESPECTING MAN LEFT IN THE DIVISION PREFERS TO WALK."

## Another Result of the Weather.

In its list of New Books *The Evening Standard* prints *Profitable Fruit-Growing* under the heading "Fiction."





*New District Visitor.* "CAN YOU TELL ME IF THIS IS—AH—PARADISE AVENUE?"

*Rough.* "ONEYSUCKLE GROVE THIS IS. PARADISE IS THROUGH THE HARCH WHERE YER SEE THEM BLOKES FIGHTIN'!"

### THE BOY AND HIS POISE.

[*"Let boys be as still as they like until their mind has got its poise and purpose, and then let them become Roosevelts."*—*Sir Gilbert Parker.*]

I WATCHED him at the stair-head on a tray;  
He had not stirred while thirty seconds rolled;  
Not this the mere barbarian at play,  
Aimlessly bad or ignorantly bold;  
He knew the pleasure of the picturesque,  
And how to salt the savour of his joys;  
Silent he sat, motionless, statuesque,  
Getting his poise.

But lo! a touch, a start, a quickening glide,  
A clanging, clattering, nerve-destroying din,  
An Indian shriek, a swift toboggan slide—  
And all the hall a haggis, boy and tin!  
Then from the wreck unwounded, grimly bland,  
His passion for adventure still uncured,  
He rose one boil of resolution and  
Purpose matured.

And so he trampled all the dahlias down,  
Emptied his airgun in the stable cat,

Upset the blacking on the housemaid's gown,  
And left the butter where his sister sat.  
And, when once more I heard him mount the stair  
And cease upon the landing with no noise,  
I knew his purpose, and I did not dare  
Wait for his poise.

### IN A GOOD CAUSE.

Now that the holidays are here, *Mr. Punch* begs leave to direct the goodness of his readers to the needs of the children for whom there are no holidays unless they come as a gift from kind hearts. Last summer the Fresh Air Fund gave a day in the country to over two hundred thousand children and a fortnight to four thousand. Ninepence is the very modest cost of a day's holiday, and ten shillings means a whole fortnight. *Mr. Punch* begs that those to whom holidays come as a matter of course will not forget the poor children of our cities, but send some offering to the Hon. Sec. of the Fresh Air Fund, Mr. ERNEST KESSELL, 23, St. Bride Street, E.C.



Jane. "I'VE SOMETHING ON ME MIND, 'ARRY, THAT I HARDLY KNOWS HOW TO TELL YER."

'Arry. "AHT WIV IT."

Jane. "I'M AFRAID YER WON'T MARRY ME IF I TELLS YER."

'Arry. "AHT WIV IT."

Jane. "I'M A SONAMBULIST, 'ARRY."

'Arry (after prolonged pause). "NEVER MIND, JANE, IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT. IF THERE AIN'T NO CHAPEL FOR IT, WE'LL BE MARRIED AT A REGISTRY."

### HESPERIA!

LAST week we intelligently anticipated some of the questions in the examination which the Great Western Railway is conducting with the idea of testing the competitor's knowledge of the country served by that line. We are fortunate to secure a few more questions from a paper dealing exclusively with the resemblance between Cornwall and Italy, as suggested by the well-known poster of the G. W. R.

1. What proofs can you give in

support of the theory that the Phœnicians did not visit Cornwall in search of tin (as generally supposed), but came with messages of reproach from Dido to Æneas, mistaking the shores of the Duchy for Italy on account of the similarity of shape?

2. Compare the character and history of King MARK of Cornwall with those of MARCUS AURELIUS.

3. What claims have (a) Falmouth to be considered the Venice, (b) Bodmin the Florence, and (c) Truro the Rome of the West Country?

4. Write a short philological treatise on the distinction (if any) between Scilly and Sicily.

5. Contrast (a) The Logan Stone with the Leaning Tower of Pisa, (b) Bishop TRELAWNEY with Pope PIUS IX., (c) A Cornish pasty with a Bologna sausage.

7. Translate into Italian "Do 'ee belong to be zizicling?" and give some comparative account of the literary labours of Sir A. T. QUILLER-COUCH (Fowey) and VIRGIL (Mantua).

### ICONOCLASTS.

(Induced by a long study of the snapshots in the weekly illustrated papers.)

YE marksmen with the sliding shutter!  
Ye shooters on the paddock's pitch!  
Whose task it is to help to butter  
The great, the noble and the rich;  
How hard you make it for the motley  
rhymers

To feel, as he desires, the fulsome throb  
Of adulation for a world sublimer,  
To be, in fact, a snob!

Of have I oped with hand unsteady  
The papers, where the earth's élite  
Are sniped at social functions—ready  
To fall and worship at their feet;  
To treasure in my heart the actual  
snigger

Wherein some Countess happened to  
indulge;  
To find the portrait of a ducal figure  
And dote upon its bulge.

Alas for hopes! were these the faces  
Of fairs that took the town by  
storm?

The counterfeits of courtly graces  
And peerless beauty—potted warm?  
Less like they seemed to Aphrodite's  
laughter—

The grins you gave me—than the  
tortured mug  
Of Mrs. Tompkinson before (not after)  
She took that tabloid drug.

Were these, ye gods! a Viscount's poses,  
The boots, the attitude, the beam,  
Of Capulets with Norman noses,  
Of England's upper crust and cream?  
Had I been meant to think that fashion's  
splendour

Was tinsel after all (when fairly shot)  
I might have handed in my faith's  
surrender,  
But was I? Surely not.

No, I was asked to gaze and tremble,  
To laud, to envy, to admire  
These seraphs whom you made resemble  
Mere imbeciles with clothes on hire;  
Can you not touch 'em up next time,  
or tone 'em?

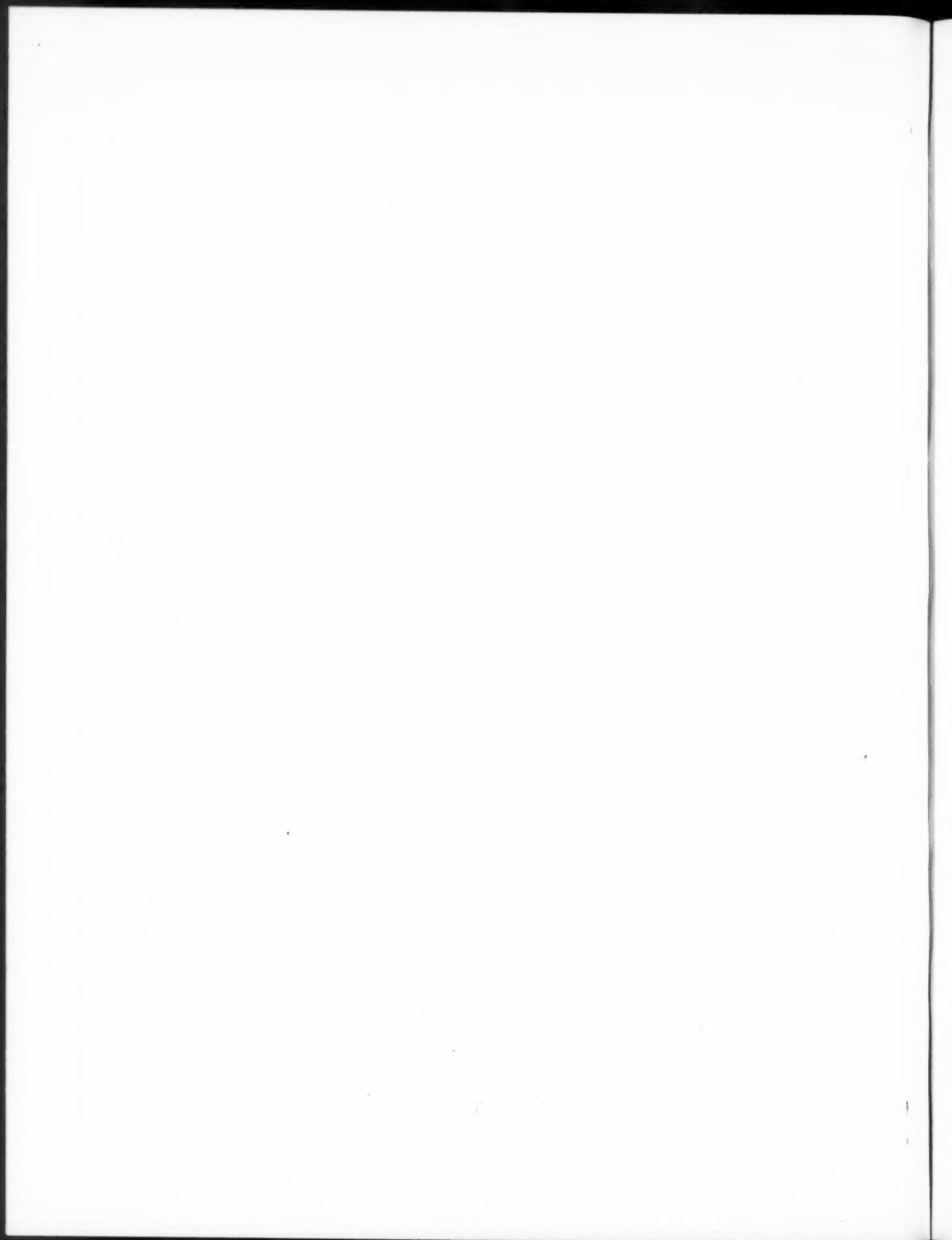
Or must I lacerate my trusting heart  
With doubts if, after all, the *summum  
bonum*

Consists in being smart? EVOE.



ET TU, BRUTE!

JOHN BULL. "AND THIS FROM YOU—AFTER ALL THAT I AND SHEPHERD'S BUSH HAVE DONE FOR YOU!"





## ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

*House of Commons, Monday, July 25.*  
—As a rule attendance slack on Mondays, more especially during earlier hours of sitting. Members dutifully follow enticing example of PRINCE ARTHUR, who stretches his week-end holiday as far as it will safely go. Marked difference in appearance of House to-day. Men flock to it from far and near. PREMIER has promised to make statement on engrossing question of the Conference. At his request three questions put down by as many Members were postponed till to-day. Here they stand on the paper in everybody's hand. There, below Gangway on Ministerial side, sit the inquisitorial Trio, blushing at their personal prominence.

House suffers with impatience stream of preliminary queries, including a Shorter Catechism by permission of SPEAKER administered to PRESIDENT OF BOARD OF TRADE with intent to egg him on to action in matter of Law Guarantee business. All eyes fixed on PREMIER as he sits on Treasury Bench toying with sheaf of notes. Fancy he is feeling a little nervous, mood foreign to his habit. Certainly his hand seems to shake as he turns over the folios which doubtless contain text of momentous statement.

Those seated near note that the questions have been cut out and for greater convenience of reply pasted on top of separate sheets of foolscap. No. 45 stands in name of JOSEPH KING; 46 is WEDGWOOD's; 47 bears the honoured name of BYLES OF BRADFORD, still tarrying with us in Commons, while old chums like CAUSTON and WALTER FOSTER have gone to "another place."

Varying slightly in phrase, all demand information as to present state of affairs in the Conference and as to immediate prospect. PREMIER notoriously a hard man to "draw" at Question time. Too heavy a load for one horse; so three are harnessed to do the job.

"That 'll fetch him," murmurs WINTERTON under his breath, regarding scene from over the way with intense interest.

Question 44 put and answered. "Mr. KING," cried the SPEAKER.

KING JOSEPH rose with solemnity fitting to occasion. In voice in which "surging emotion was hardly suppressed he said, "I beg to ask the PRIME MINISTER Question 45."

With slow action, the reluctance of a man brought to face a grave crisis,



"WHY SHOULD A RADICAL WEAR A WHITE HAT?"

Why not a coronet, for instance, like Comrades Causton and Foster?

(Lord Byles of Bradford.)

up gat the PREMIER; stood by the brass-bound box, bringing his sheaves with him in shape of folios with the portentous questions pasted at top. There followed a pause while he readjusted his papers. But for the



THE AMAZEMENT OF "KING JOSEPH."  
(Mr. Joseph King of North Somerset.)

matting on the floor (a faulty conductor of sound) you might have heard a pin drop if one had chanced to fall.

"I will," said the PREMIER, "answer the three questions together."

Another pause, less perceptible in length, blood-curdling in intensity of emotion.

"I hope to be able to make a statement on the subject referred to—"

Here another pause of greater duration. Something like a suppressed cry of "Ah!" ran along the crowded benches as Members drew themselves together, straining their ears to catch the momentous words.

"—during the course of this week."

Gathering up his precious folios he turned and resumed his seat.

There followed a moment of amazed silence. KING JOSEPH dreamily put his hand to his head with action suggestive of intent to cast down his golden crown around the glassy sea. WEDGWOOD stared about as if looking for some priceless vase, hoary with age of the renowned founder of his family, suitable for smashing. As for BYLES OF BRADFORD he made up his mind that the House of Commons is no longer a place for him. Happily there is another.

Then there broke forth a roar of laughter rising peal on peal.

The House saw the PREMIER's little joke and enjoyed it immensely.

*Business done.*—Budget Bill brought in and read a first time.

*Tuesday.*—SPEAKER in mellowest mood. Whether in surcease of pain or pleased anticipation of near holiday who shall say. Urbanity takes form of tender consideration for welfare and personal comfort of Members. RONALDSHAY first to evoke the sentiment. Noble Earl, brought up in the Vice-regal court at Calcutta what time GEORGE CURZON represented his sovereign, has acquired something of the grace of manner and charm of speech native to his chief. Seconding an amendment designed to bestow preferential duties upon Empire-grown tea, memories of sojourn on banks of Ganges flooded his ingenuous mind. Proposed to treat House to disquisition on state of political affairs in India.

"Order! order!" said the SPEAKER. "That line of argument will be more suitable to-morrow when the Indian Budget will be considered."

Then, fearing he might have wounded the sensibilities of a still young Member, he added in sweetest tones, "The noble lord must not exhaust himself."

Taking the hint, RONALDSHAY sat down.

Later, Mr. HINDLE, who distinguished himself at the General Election



THE "EMPIRE-GROWN TEA" GOWN.

Colonel Seely and Mr. Hobhouse. "Oh, yes! Brought up to date and very fashionable, no doubt, but the same impossible features! No, thank you!"  
Mr. Bonar Law (aside to Mr. Alfred Lyttelton.) "These disguises don't seem to work, somehow, Alfred; it's really very disheartening!"

by recapturing Darwin long held by Unionists, drew upon himself a fresh flash of kindly light. Was proposing to deliver lecture illustrating injury that would be inflicted on the cotton industry by institution of Colonial preference. Got through his exordium when SPEAKER again interposed.

"The question before the House," he remarked, "has no reference to the cotton industry, and I must ask the hon. gentleman to come back to tea."

HINDLE's honest face glowed with pleasure. RONALDSHAY, heir to a marquisate, was merely besought not to wear himself out by untimely labour. He, a mere country solicitor, publicly asked out to tea by the First Commoner of the land.

*Business done.*—Indian Budget expounded by MONTAGU in excellent speech, a model of perspicuity.

Wednesday, August 3.—Adjournment of both Houses for Recess. Meet again with the fogs in November. PREMIER and PRINCE ARTHUR, shaking hands, heartily echo each other's "Au revoir."

"Taking it all in all," says PRINCE ARTHUR, "with special reference to the

latter half, this one of the pleasantest sessions I remember. You did a clever thing (I won't forget it when I take your place) by combining Easter and Whitsun holidays, giving us a decent time for recreation instead of two inconvenient scraps. Then came the Truce, when you and I of our helmets made hives for bees. No longer need for close attendance at Question time or later. Come when you like, go when you please. Why can't we always carry on business in this fashion?"

"Wait and see what November brings forth," said the ever-wary PREMIER.

*Business done.*—*Excunt omnes.*

"Apparently the mother-in-law joke is not dead yet. From 'the other side' comes the statement that two well-known managers have received a petition, signed by many members of the gentle sex in Boston, urging them to suppress in future all allusions to mothers-in-law, on the ground that they are for the most part vulgar and immoral."—*Manchester Evening Chronicle.*

At the risk of prolonging the joke for one more week we protest against this attack on mothers-in-law.

## TO "TIDDLES,"

A TOY POM.

[*"The Ladies Gwendolen and Violet were also present, looking charming as ever, each with her toy Pomeranian under her arm. These fashionable little creatures, from whom they are inseparable, wore bows to harmonise with their mistresses' exquisite toilettes."*

*Fashionable Intelligence.]*

TIME was, ere love assailed my lot,  
Dogs almost filled a heart to let,  
"They were the friends that failed one  
not,"  
And so on, Tiddles—till we met.

Long have I woo'd your mistress coy,  
Taught her, at last, to call me  
"Tom;"  
But you, you are her "Booful Boy,"  
Her "Tweesome Pet," her "Tiddley  
Pom."

My lips may scarce salute her brow,  
While you her lovely cheeks may  
lick,  
And she can kiss you—Heaven knows  
how!  
The waste! It makes me simply sick!

Did ever dog so fuss about?  
Each side the door, or round her lap!  
Out, must come in, or in, go out—  
Lor', how I loathe you and your yap!

In that long-planned-for tête-à-tête —  
So tender it might well have been—  
There came your whine, and, cursing  
fate  
And you, I had to let you in;

And hear, with speechless wrath, once  
more,  
"You'd love my dog if you loved  
me."  
How could the darling so adore  
Your cupboard-loving tyranny?

For you don't love her for herself,  
You compound of conceit and greed,  
Posing beneath the biscuit shelf,  
Living to show-off and to feed.

But I have learnt one master-word  
To free me from your fell annoy:—  
BATH!—then you daren't be seen or  
heard  
For blissful hours, my Tiddley boy!

You "wait and see!"—some day I hope  
To work that watery spell anew,  
And while you're skulking from the  
soap,  
I'll win her, and be hanged to you!

## Illustration by Music.

From a Church notice:—

"The subject of the Vicar's next address to men will be

MARRIAGE.

Organ selection from *Otello*."



Angler (who is telling his "big fish" story). "WHAT WEIGHT WAS HE? WELL, THEY HADN'T RIGHT WEIGHTS AT THE INN, BUT HE WEIGHED EXACTLY A FLAT-IRON, TWO EGGS, AND A BIT OF SOAP!"

#### WEATHER CORRESPONDENCE.

[The Editor of *Punch* cannot hold himself responsible for the seasonableness of this correspondence on the actual date of issue.]

SIR,—May I draw your attention to a holiday-maker's grievance? The Mayor, Corporation and Burgesses of Southpool deliberately and with malice aforethought attracted me to their town by the following devices—(a) Poster inscribed "Come unto these yellow sands," and depicting mixed bathing in the airiest costumes on a yellow beach, in a blue sea, and under a cloudless sky; (b) poster showing aviation meeting—same sky, sands, and sea, only deliciously shaded by the passing of flying machines; (c) a pamphlet stating that the average temperature of Southpool in July and August is 81° in the shade, and that the town is universally known as the British Naples.

When I arrived at this health resort I found that the sands, sea and sky were all grey, instead of yellow and blue, as per sample; that north-eastern winds caused the abandonment of the

flying meet; and that the only amusement in its place was a Free Trade orator suffering from a cold in his head. Nor did I hear a single resident or visitor allude to Southpool as Naples.

I am claiming damages from the Corporation for misrepresentation, and I intend in court to prove special damage as follows:—Three bottles of cough mixture at 2s. 9d.; carriage of fur coat from London, 3s. 6d.

Yours truly, NUDA VERITAS.

SIR,—May I indicate to parents and guardians a cheap amusement for children kept at home this summer? Construct a rain-gauge in the garden. Most gardens contain a useless sun-dial, and a mason will chip out a rain-gauge on it in a few hours. I was cheered and delighted this morning when my six-year-old boy ran into the house and said, "1.25 inch of rain last night, Daddy, and *The Daily Mail* says there's another depression coming—we'll beat the record yet."

Yours truly,

A THOUGHTFUL PARENT.

P.S.—By a slight alteration of the motto on my sun-dial I have made it applicable to a rain-gauge. It now runs:—

"Horas non numero nisi madentes"

(The only hours I record are the dripping ones.)

SIR,—Since it is admitted that electricity has much to do with the weather, may I draw your attention to the following facts? I have carefully noted the places where depressions originate, and I find that they all come from Protectionist countries. Not a single depression is mentioned as originating in Turkey—the only other Free Trade country in Europe. Is it not likely that our present weather is caused by the electrical devices of foreign manufacturers? If a fifty-per-cent. duty were instantly placed on imported macintoshes and umbrellas, it would no longer pay our rivals to create depressions artificially. Then, Sir, we should get back to the good old days when the thermometer always stood at 80° in the shade, and corn at 80s. per quarter.

Yours truly, ANTI-CORBEN.



## OFF THE BEATEN TRACK.

WE, the explorers, got on to the mobus at Oxford Circus, not meaning to get off again until we came to Shepherd's Bush. Why should we, if we didn't want to? At that rustic spot there is an exhibition and it is called the Japan-British Exhibition. With the regrettable modern tendency to keep a good thing to oneself, the promoters have tried to hush it up, but the fact has leaked out. There is no deceiving George and myself when we are out for discovery. Thus, when the bus conductor told us that there was no Exhibition and that the whole thing was a piece of idle gossip, we simply didn't believe him. We were not to be put off, not, at any rate, until we got to the Shepherd's Bush entrance.

"Programmes, threepence each," said one native. "No change given here," said another. "Programmes, threepence each," said a third, and "This way out," said another. "Programmes," muttered the chorus, "threepence each." The Japanese are indeed a fluent race.

We paid our shillings and were allowed across the frontier. Here we were accosted by a special messenger, with information of the utmost secrecy and importance. "These programmes," he said, "are to be sold at threepence each." We said that was as might be, and he came along with us, babbling gaily all the time. If fluent, the Japanese are a people of one idea, and that concerned in the main with programmes. "Perhaps," we said, "we shall find them a little broader-minded and better informed inland," and pressed forward on our pilgrimage.

When George and I are *en route* we like to see things that no one else has seen. So we passed over bridges and under arches, through gardens and groves, determined not to be distracted by the beauty of it all from our search for the out-of-the-way. Our curiosity was duly rewarded. The wall of Japan is made of corrugated iron, which contains a little door about half-way down, entirely unnoticed by the casual tourist. A little persistent pushing on the part of George opened it and revealed to us a magnificent panorama, some thirty feet below us. The discovery, in fact, consisted of an infinite number of

sheds and railways and more sheds and one more railway. We gazed in admiration.

"There must be there," I said, "some twenty trains. How beautiful and how Oriental!"

"How!" re-echoed George. "Real lines, real trains, real sheds, and look! real signals." He seized my arm in his excitement. "And," he shouted, "I do believe that that is a real man!"

We had only an hour to explore the whole country, but we could not tear ourselves away from our discovery. Some of the trains sat still; others moved about. The man produced a real pipe from his pocket and started smoking it, just to show how really real he was. It was indeed an engrossing sight, and we were a little annoyed to be interrupted by our

## NOTES ON OUR SEMI-CERULEANS.

(With acknowledgments to "The Observer.")

IN response to several correspondents who have expressed a desire for information on the subject of University life, we make no excuse for publishing the following brief appreciations of several of the most prominent undergraduates at present in residence at Oxford and Cambridge.

Mr. Alexander Blagdon, of Brasenose, is undoubtedly one of the most remarkable specimens of the *mens sana in corpore sano* now pursuing his studies on the banks of the Isis. Before leaving Wintern, he was the best player of spillikins in the school, and in his third term won a quarter blue for that invigorating pastime. In his college regatta he has twice won the

crab-catching competition and carried off the 'Varsity water squash singles last term without losing a single set.

Mr. John George England, is, like Mr. Blagdon, a distinguished alumnus of Wintern School. When he left for Christ Church, which he entered in October, 1909, it was prophesied of him by his headmaster, "England will do something thrilling. He will reap fresh lustre for Wintern." And he did. In his first term he jerked a water biscuit from his rooms in Peckwater clean over Canterbury Gate,

striking a messenger on the nose, a thing that never happened before. He was proctorised four times in his first fortnight, and was unanimously elected to the Christ Church Pundits—perhaps the most select wine club at any university—besides gaining his half blue for auction-bridge. Indeed he would have got his full blue this term had not his doctor forbidden him to indulge in so exacting a pastime.

Mr. Boker, an old Wigglesberghian, has also crowded much into his first year of residence. In his freshman's term he read the whole of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* and became a vegetarian for ten days. He also won prizes in a college competition for the loudest socks and the most powerful solo on the banjo. Mr. Boker is of the natural type of player on all instruments, having immense articulation of wrist, great courage, and a capital temperament. But it is only by sheer hard



## ANOTHER LONG-FELT WANT.

A SUGGESTION TO THE RAILWAY COMPANIES.

special messenger with the same old message.

"Young man," we said, "this is a wonderful prospect, and only you are vile. O-ya sa-me na-sai," which in Japanese, if properly spelt, means "Good night."

"Programmes, threepence each," he answered defiantly.

"It reminds me," said George, with a far-away look that did not include the messenger,—"it reminds me of nothing so much as the Central London Railway Dépôt, away in old England."

"Which is what it is," said the special messenger curtly. "Never mind," he added, as we turned away, a little depressed, "these programmes are really threepence each, but to cheer you up I will let you have a packet of half a gross for twelve-and-sixpence."

"You couldn't," I said, cheering up a little—"you couldn't lend us a couple, could you?"





“THE POINT OF VIEW.”

*Overworked London Clerk (taking short holiday on Sussex Downs). “So you’ve lived here all your life?”*  
*Countryman. “YAAS, SIR, AND FRASHIOUS TIRED OF IT I BE. AH, LUNNON’S THE PLACE; A MAN CAN FEEL ALIVE THERE. WHY, I FEELS LIKE AS IF I WAS SHUT UP IN A BOX LIVING HERE.”*

work that he has become the performer he is. Indeed the Bursar, who has rooms on the same staircase, was obliged to intervene on one occasion when Mr. Boker had practised for five hours on end. He has, however, quite deserted the banjo for the balalaika, for which he has gained his college colours.

Mr. A. J. Tootell is one of the most versatile undergraduates at present in residence. In his first year he proved himself the most accomplished jodeller in Cambridge, and at the May Week balls was by general consent admitted to be the strongest and heftiest two-stepper who took the floor. As a scholar, too, he is a man of mark, having twice in a Divinity paper translated of Παρμαίσι “The Pomaeans,” while his hair is redder than that of any of his contemporaries. To crown all, he is the proud possessor of a motoring licence more frequently endorsed than that of any undergraduate automobilist. Indeed he is the only man living who has run down a bath-chair, a hedgehog and a turkey-cock in the same day.

THE OLD TÉMÉRAIRE.

[He jests at cars that never felt a wound.]  
 We drove among the untrodden ways  
 Beside the springs of Dove

A car which there were few to praise  
 And none at all to shove.

She bumped upon a mossy stone,  
 Half hidden from the eye;  
 Fair as a car can spin she spun  
 And leapt towards the sky.

We were alone, and few could know  
 When we two ceased to cuss;  
 Ten miles we hauled her home, and, oh,  
 The difference to us!

“The game had only been in progress ten minutes when there was a cloud burst, and the players were literally washed off the field.”—*Manchester Evening News.*

Played. Won. Lost. Drawn. Per cent.  
 Lancashire ... 19 ... 10 ... 3 ... 6\* 52·33

\* Including one match in which team was washed away.

“B. B. Wilson cannot exactly be called one of Yorkshire’s young players, for he has passed his 13th year.”—*Dundee Advertiser.*

You see it is already a year since they let him into the Pavilion at half-price. He’s getting quite a big boy now.

“At the police court to-day C. B. Westmacott, manager of the Oscar Asche Company, was charged at the information of Inspector Shakespeare with having neglected to keep every passage of the Theatre Royal clear of persons standing during the performance of the ‘Merchant of Venice.’”—*Sydney Morning Herald.*

What a chance, and simply wasted on them in Australia. Over here we have dozens of magistrates who could do justice to it.

“An application by an assistant master of the Bromley Road Schools for leave of absence in order to attend a special vaccination course in geography was submitted.”

*Beckenham Journal.*

He might start with the Calf of Man.

“Housemaid wanted, steady and respectable (after Bank Holiday).”—*The Daily Telegraph.*  
 A very severe test.

## OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A GUEST invited to one of Mr. E. F. BENSON's numerous and delightfully situated country houses may be pardoned for feeling a little like *Alice* on the further side of the *Looking Glass*. He has just been introduced to some one, let us say, as the simplest of good fellows, or even as the most heartrending of bores, but in a page or two his neighbour's characteristics begin to fade, his outlines grow dimmer and mistier, and he finds he was talking all the time to the *White*—I beg your pardon, to Mr. E. F. BENSON himself. In *Daisy's Aunt* (NELSON) there is no falling off in the output of charmingly inconsequent small-talk nor in the idyllic surroundings (if I may use a guide-book phrase), but I have a faint suspicion that the author was feeling a little hard up for a plot. The idea of the story is the same as that of BROWNING's poem, "A Light Woman," only you must reverse the sexes. We are invited to believe that a thoroughly good woman (and just engaged, too) would carry on a violent flirtation with a man about whose past she had learned a secret, in order to save her niece from marrying him. Nothing was eventually gained by the deception, for the truth, of course, was bound to come out if *Daisy* was ever to forgive her aunt, whom she had previously adored. However, if she had been told at once, we should have missed the riparian beauties of *Lady Nottingham's* house at Bray and the badinage at her breakfast table, and that would have been a pity.

There were several little things which I was going to say to Mrs. LOCKHART LANG in the way of gentle criticism of her story, *Bubbles and Troubles* (ALSTON RIVERS), but I have resolved now not to say them. The chief reason for this decision is that I have quite forgotten what the little things were, and can only recall that my final impression was of a book full of charm and gay spirits. If I had any points of difference with the author, they must have been very small points; well, let them go. A writer of Mrs. LANG's sex who is gifted with a touch as light as this and a humour as irresponsible is best taken as you find her. Wit and irony women have often exploited successfully in books; but this happy irrelevancy seems to me to be something new. So I take off my hat to Mrs. LANG and to the delightful *Peter*, and I beg her to give him another show in her next book. I must have some more of *Peter*, and that very quickly.

The theme which PAUL GWYNNE set himself, In *Nightshade* (CONSTABLE), I fancy,  
He lifted from a handy shelf  
Of mediæval necromancy;  
For if we probe and peer below  
The trappings wherewithal it's shackled

We find the thing which, years ago,  
GOETHE and old KIT MARLOWE tackled.

It's quite ingeniously concealed  
With science, very learned looking,  
But none the less it stands revealed  
As unmistakable recocking.  
The points I recognised were these:  
A modern *Faust* with variations,  
Urged by a *Mephistopheles*  
With certain mundane limitations.

But, if the skeleton is old,  
It's clothed with very living tissues;  
The scheme has all that it can hold  
Of novel side (and other) issues;  
The author gives, to cite a case,  
Horrors of up-to-date invention  
Which, even if I had the space,  
I'd almost feel afraid to mention.



A PROSPECT OF A LONG WAIT.

Heraldiser. "DON'T GO, SIR! YOU'RE NEXT!"

There can no doubt be too many chats on the cricket field; for the shorter one's innings the longer one's talk. But the *Chats on the Cricket Field* of Mr. W. A. BETTESWORTH (MERRITT AND HATCHER) are not like that. These are interviews between a cricketer who no longer plays (but was very useful to Sussex in the eighties, and, having laid aside the bat, has taken to the pen) and many of the principal amateur and professional cricketers of the past twenty years. There is not an uninteresting or uninforming chat in the book, but one may be pardoned for preferring some of the old talks to the new. To hear TOM EMMETT's voice again is to receive something of a thrill. When we come to Mr. JAMES PYCROFT, and

FRED GALE ("The Old Buffer"), and Lord BESSBOROUGH, and Mr. A. F. J. FORD, we get more than mere opinions on the game: we get history too. This book enables one (a little like GOLDSMITH's warrior) to shoulder a thousand bats and show how fights were won.

*Fear* (STANLEY PAUL) brings off a double event, for it strikes "a new note in fiction," and me with the horrors. In these short stories I am told, by the publishers, that "Miss Nesbit exhibits remarkable powers of imagination and insight into the psychology of the emotions," and I am not inclined to dispute the accuracy of that statement. Nevertheless, when I remember the delightful books which she has written, I admit that this exhibition of her versatility leaves me exceedingly depressed. It is a relief to add that there is one story which strikes an old note and a happy one. In "The Followers" no one, to borrow a picturesque phrase from America, is "scared stiff," and, although two people do jump into a river, they could swim quite nicely, and before even changing their clothes they decided to marry each other. But if you prefer something really grisly and gruesome, I recommend "John Charrington's Wedding."